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Americans an illuminating view of what unsuspected idealists—and those who without being conscious idealists are practically helping to organize ideals—are doing and thinking in all parts of the country.

THE STORY OF NAPOLEON'S DEATH MASK. By G. L. de St. M. Watson. New York: John Lane Company, 1915.

A book not of recondite and technical interest alone, but of a singular and almost uncanny fascination, is this which G. L. de St. M. Watson has written—after years of profound study of the life of Napoleon and of absorption in its details and spirit—about the singular problem of the Napoleonic death masks. Few writers can equal Mr. Watson in the art of combining conciseness and the extreme scrupulosity of a trained scholar with a suggestiveness and power of intriguing interest which produce almost the effect of discursiveness or of leisurely charm. The author is plainly an enthusiast for Napoleon—a fervent admirer, not merely a zealous specialist—but his enthusiasm is well restrained. It bursts out only in one or two passages forceful and fitting. It manifests itself chiefly in an intensification of the interest pertaining to every phase of the subject—in that superior clearness, compactness, and point, which is begotten of zeal and intellectual curiosity. The book establishes truth, it seems, beyond peradventure of reasonable doubt; it is incidentally a remarkable study of the strange ways of the human mind and of the singular process by which a lie may impose itself upon generations of men.

The author first traces the progress of what he calls “the Antommarchi fiction.” Dr. Antommarchi is said to have taken a death mask of Napoleon shortly after the great man's death at St. Helena. The original cast he carried with him to Europe, and many years later he issued an edition of copies—the “souscription Antommarchi”—which were widely sold. The issue of the casts created something of a sensation, in which the general tone was that of surprise and disappointment: the conformation of Napoleon's head and features as shown by the plaster was so different from the conventional idea of what they should be that the genuineness of the mask was doubted. The question was warmly debated between phrenologists and physicians with endless sophistries. But the authorship of the mask was hardly doubted. In newspaper paragraphs, in magazine articles, finally in books of sober history down to the present day, Antommarchi has been given the credit of the achievement he claimed for himself, with little protest. Slowly, conservatively, by unconscious touches and reservations, the legend has been built up. It has given rise to sub-legends more strange than the original, and these, too, have obtained recognition. There is the tale to the effect that Drs. Mitchell and Burton attempted to take an impression of

the head, but failed. There is the preposterous story that a cast was taken of Napoleon's face at the time of his exhumation in 1840. There is the fiction of the outrageous "wax mask," a forgery, repulsively hydrocephalous. The author shows the lineage of all these legends and maps their course. He also marks out the slow and tentative stages through which the truth has at last made itself unmistakably clear. There is not a particle of evidence emanating from St. Helena to show that Antommarchi did what he claimed to have done. On the other hand there is abundant testimony to show that the mask of Napoleon's face was formed by the English physician, Dr. Francis Burton, after Antommarchi had declined to make the attempt. The original cast which Burton took from the waste-mould was purloined during his absence by Count and Countess Bertrand, and subsequently passed into the possession of Antommarchi. The facts in the case Mr. Watson makes out in detail and with extraordinary clearness, reconciling minute discrepancies of time in varying accounts and explaining every incident and corollary. The most dubious, though not the least interesting, part of his reconstruction of the events immediately following Napoleon's death has to do with the so-called Sankey cast. This, thinks Mr. Watson, must have been made from an impression in wax hastily taken by the artist Rubidge from Burton's first cast—that is, the one remaining after the waste-mould had been destroyed. This is the more probable because the Sankey cast corresponds with that made by Burton in the smallest details of measurement and of expression—a thing that would be scarcely possible if two different moulds had been taken of Napoleon's face, since the yielding flesh is not likely to make precisely the same impression upon the plaster in two different trials. Briefly summed up the facts seem to be somewhat as follows: All death masks of Napoleon are derived from one and the same original mould—that made by Dr. Burton on May 6, 1821. This waste-mould was necessarily destroyed in freeing the first cast—also made by Burton and now in the possession of Prince Victor Napoleon at Brussels. From this cast, on May 7, Joseph William Rubidge took a secondary non-plaster impression. From this cast also Antommarchi in the summer of 1822 took a secondary plaster piece-mould. From his secondary mould Rubidge before leaving St. Helena took the plaster-cast now in Dr. Sankey's possession. The ancestry of all death masks of Napoleon of known antiquity now found in museums and private collections may be traced back, through the "subscription issue" of 1833-4, to a cast made by Antommarchi in 1822 from his secondary mould.

Seldom has any one conducted an investigation into a curious and interesting problem to better purpose than has Mr. Watson. Rarely does a work of meticulous truth-seeking possess so many-sided and romantic an interest as does his story of Napoleon's death mask. Not the least interesting passages of Mr. Watson's work are those in

which he studies and describes Napoleon's physiognomy and those wherein he shows the manner in which the conventional head of the medallions and later portraits gained acceptance.

THE LITTLE MAN AND OTHER SATIRES. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.

A certain meagerness of outline, an apparent lack of story-telling charm, may at first offend the reader of Mr. Galsworthy's fine and penetrating studies of human character; yet no one who begins the book will fail to finish it, and no one who has read it can possibly forget it. So finely and sharply etched are these quiet delineations that their impression remains long after one has put them out of mind—or rather into the mind, as the psychologists now say. It would be unfair to hint that the effect of Mr. Galsworthy's book is altogether discomfiting; on the contrary it is amusing and sympathetic. Yet the sketches have the power of awakening an uneasy desire for greater sincerity and self-knowledge. In analysis of an accuracy so unsparing and of a subtlety so penetrating, every sentence is a suspected challenge to the reader's cherished opinions and his fixed belief in his own complete freedom from self-deception. Mr. Galsworthy through his persuasive art betrays us into the pain of thinking—which is said to be the greatest pain of all. His particular merit and achievement is that—not in the narrow sense, in which the trick is relatively easy, but in the larger sense, in which it is inordinately hard—he has drawn types. The portrayals of people in his narratives, accurately and personally executed as they are, have a general and very deep significance. That is why they are so unforgettable. They fit, not a person, but categories of human nature. And this manner of writing, which might so readily become stiff and academic, is, as Mr. Galsworthy uses it, full of a subtle human warmth. One may smile over the sketches in *The Little Man* if one feels sufficiently superior and sure of oneself to do so; there is laughter for the gods in the book. In any case the reaction will be one of enjoyment.